

>be a couple years ago
>be 25 back then
>roommate and I can't pay rent, because we both just so happen to be fired from our respective jobs around the same time
>neither of us have anywhere else to go, no family nothing
>friend gets the idea to rob a place to make ends meet
>we're not basketball americans, btw
>tell friend I know nothing about robbing
>he says he's sort of had this as a backup plan for a while, because he was on the brink of being fired for months
>he's got a place cased out
>this huge mansion
>friend says that some old lady probably lives there
>he hasn't seen her, but every week a car shows up and one of three middle-aged men (there's a rotation) brings groceries.
>friend says that there's no way a man could survive off that amount of food, not comfortably anyway
>thus he reckons it's an old lady, those are probably her sons
>I tell him I'd be more comfortable if he was sure who live in the place
>he says all the curtains are always drawn, he's only ever seen the curtains move in one of the upstairs rooms

>I don't like it, but we literally have no other option
>our landlord is a dick and kicks people out immediately if they don't pay
>we're renting the place without a contract, not paying taxes. the law is not on our side on this either
>friend says he has procured a firearm that can't be traced back to us
>I tell him that's a bit extreme
>he insists on bringing it
>he's put way too much preparation into this, it's getting scary
>he has purchased an entirely black outfit for each of us. says he's bought each article of clothing at a different thrift shop around the county
>he's bought us animal masks
>I say it's way too theatrical, we're probably going to give the old lady a heart attack if she sees us like that. and these could easily

be traced back, but he says they won't be, doesn't go into detail
>wasn't a big fan of the plan to begin with, but now I'm really not into it

>we've finally got all the shit together
>the day we're set to do it, thunder and lightning, crazy wind, electricity knocked out in our neighbourhood
>roommate says fuck it, plan is still on. thunder might work to our advantage, mask the sounds we make in the house
>he has borrowed a van from a friend of his, because the mansion is on the city limits, has a forest behind it. Friend figures that we could get in unnoticed if we approach it from the backyard
>I give him loads of shit for borrowing a van, the most suspicious looking of all vehicles
>fuck it, lets head out
>we drive out of town heading NW, and then heading round North, because the mansion is basically the northernmost point of the city
>friends pulls off to the side of the road at this roadside stop that basically has a picnic table on the edge of the forest
>he gets out a duffel bag and says we're heading into the forest. 10 minute hike to the backyard
>we head out when he says "shit, I forgot something"
>he runs back to the van, gets in, start the van up
>at this point I'm freaking out that he's leaving me there
>he puts a cd in the sound system
>gay porn noises
>wat
>he locks the van, leaving it running and gets back to me
>wat
>says no one's gonna come a knockin' now
>what about the battery
>"calm down, we're not gonna be long"
>we head into the forest
>thunder and lightning really nearby
>I have a bad feeling about this

>all the while hiking through the forest, there's rustling noises

everywhere

>chalk it up to the wind and keep walking
>roommate has a compass, says we're nearly there
>hear something howling
>holy shit, that was close and behind us and to the right
>we pick up our pace slightly
>hear barking
>we look behind us, huge fucking dogs, maybe wolves, I dunno, dark as fuck
>we start running, those dogs look fucking crazy
>feel like we've been running for way too long, where the fuck is this place?
>finally, see the huge ominous looking mansion
>oh my god it looks way scarier from this side, I'd only seen the front
>backyard is basically just a flat piece of land, overgrown grass, a shed
>still, super happy to see it, start eyebanging the house to find the nearest entry point
>we run out of the forest and into the backyard (no fence, nothing)
>hear the dog things yelping behind us
>they've stopped on the tree line and some of them are running back into the forest, wtf
>the ones still hanging around the tree line look fucking terrified and as though they're in pain
>I'm not getting good vibes
>ask roommate how we're going to get back to the van with those wolf dog whatevers in the forest
>says we'll be prepared and have the gun out and ready
>we walks up to the back door and starts picking the lock
>didn't know he could pick locks, but only makes sense, considering all the other preparations he's made
>a look around the corner and see that all the buildings are dark. It IS 1 AM, but still, all of them?
>street lamps are also out
>must be their power is also knocked out
>roommate says "we're in"
>I have a bad feeling about this

>we enter the house
>fuse box is right next to the door
>friend starts prying it open
>I tell him there's no use, the power is out anyway
>he says "I'll at least cut the phone line"
>what looks like a phone line right under the fuse box
>I just want to get over with it, so we can get out of here
>he says the valuables will probably be upstairs
>notice everything smells of dust
>so much fucking dust
>everywhere
>thunder outside is the only noise
>we walk quietly through a hallway into what looks like the main entrance hall
>huge staircase like in the movies
>paintings covered in dust
>everything covered in dust
>there are clear lines on the floor and stairs that aren't covered in dust
>wtf
>I guess the old lady shuffles around
>we're both unsettled by this
>look upstairs, the curtains are open, you can see the lightning light up the upper floor
>"wtf, you said the curtains are always drawn!"
>"they usually are, I don't know what's going on"
>fuck fuck fuck
>I suggest we just grab all the silverware in the kitchen and a couple of paintings and bolt
>roommate says we have to head upstairs, that's where the good shit ought to be
>I have a bad feeling about this

>tell him that we should at least look around this entrance hall, rich people probably put good shit on display here
>all sorts of shit covered with tarp or whatever, to keep the dust off I suppose
>we're looking around, lifting up the tarps, dust covers, whatever,

quietly

>I look at this tiny one-legged table next to the door.The top isn't covered in dust. cross on the table. wat

>look at the door

>cross on the door

>I recall there also being a cross on the back door

>oh fuck, I do not like where this is going

>whisper this information to my friend

>he tells me to shut the fuck up and that there's fuck all under the tarps

>he insists that we have to head upstairs

>I man the fuck up and we go upstairs.there's a hallway going both ways and then turns off at a right angle heading to the back of the mansion

>he says we should split up, I tell him he's a fucking retard if he thinks we're doing that

>"what are you, scared of an old lady?"

>"I'm scared of whatever the fuck is going on here"

>"fuck off. you take left, I'll take right. the old lady's room is at the end of my hallway, so you don't have to worry. we open all the doors along the way and just scan the rooms for valuable looking shit. in ten minutes we meet back here and decide which rooms to head for. then we take the valuable shit and head out"

>sounds logical enough since I dunno what the fuck I'm doing

>we split up,

>I have a bad fucking feeling about this

>notice that the trail where there's no dust only goes off to the right

>start heading left and notice that the dust only reaches to the part, where it turns off towards the back of mansion

>behind the turn, everything is more or less pristine

>this is unsettling

>notice all the doors have crosses on them

>open the first door, everything is pristine, it's just an empty bedroom with a nice bed, nothing valuable

>open the next, same thing

>open the next, same

>FFS

>open the next door,a library. I guess some of these books might be valuable, but we're not carrying bags of books back
>still decide to see if they have any 1st editions
>I'm not entirely retarded, I know those cost a lot
>don't really find anything, so I head out of the library and into another room
>oh shit, I've hit the jackpot
>this is some fancy old lady's bedroom
>room is pristine, no dust anywhere
>table full of women's jewellery and a big mirror, covered. anyway, I guess it's a mirror. I'm not gonna go pulling off the cover since I'm scared to shit of mirrors in the dark
>stuff a whole bunch of the jewellery in my pockets, when I hear my roommate's scream
>the most terrified I've ever heard him

>I bolt out of the room and run to where the scream was coming from
>yelling out his name since we're not being stealthy anymore
>as I round the corner, I can see him rounding the other corner running my way
>an expression of sheer terror on his face, he doesn't have the mask anymore (his was that of a bear)
>his hair, which is usually dark brown, is white around the temple
>tears running down his face, he screams "we have to get out!"
>absolute all consuming darkness rounds the corner behind him and consumes him
>as I get to the top of the stairs, everything is consumed in complete darkness
>the darkness feels heavy
>lightning strikes, everything lights up for a split second, I can see my roommate plastered across the wall. no blood but he looks like a truck ran him over and skidded across his midsection
>I run downstairs
>surprisingly I don't fall
>I escape the pitch black and run to the back door
>I make sure to close it behind me and run into the forest, never looking back
>I can see the dogs avoiding me

>It looks like one of the dogs ahead of me is actually running away from me
>I get to the van and try to get in
>fuck, roommate had the keys
>gay porn noises still blasting
>I run down the road
>eventually I threw my mask in the forest on the side of the road
>managed to calm down and hitch a ride
>the guy thought I looked suspicious all in black
>we stopped at a fuel station and he said he'd get cigarettes
>I could see him on the phone so I decided to hitch a ride with a trucker before the cops show up
>for all I know he could've been on the phone making a personal call, but I wasn't going to risk it
>my roommate had assumed we'd get some jewellery out of this ordeal, so he'd arranged a friend of his to show up a couple of days later to look at it and then take it away to melt it down and shit
>he gave me some money for the shit and I moved out
>he didn't ask me about my roommate
>I moved as far away as that money took me